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Intro

[image]

This story is dedicated to Nightfall_, sofle15, SpiderfangDaWarrior, Scarlett_Heart1, XXLeafPoolXX & GrumpiMoon

Either way, I have 2 of the three cats chosen already, but I can't decide on a third. A few of my thoughts were-

Heathertail

Briarlight

And Honeyfern.

Please vote on one of these cats to take the third role or choose one of your own! (The only criteria is that they can't be older than the third series and it must be a she-cat)

Thanks! ~Lilly

Prolague- Regrets

[image]

Briarlight's POV

I wish he knew. But now he never will, and it's my fault. I died without telling him I loved him, and I retreat to the stars alone.

Hollyleaf's POV

I thought when I died I had no regrets- not about jumping in front of Ivypool, not returning home, not even killing Ashfur. It had all been set right.

But now I feel that I lost something, and I'm afraid I'll never find it again.

Ivypool's POV

I missed a chance to save them all- I know that much. Now I realize I could have stopped the war, but I am unsure how.
But if I had a chance to fix it all, I would.

All I need is a Second Chance.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Sorry the first chapter is so short- the next one will be longer!
Thanks for commenting and voting, I appreciate it!

~Lilly
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

1-Dark Day

[image]

Briarlight's POV

I opened my eyes, light flowing into them. At first I don't remember where I am, but then I remember. I died.

~Flashback~
"Jayfeather!" I wailed, sprawled on the medicine den floor. The pains were back. It had started not long ago, at first small but later shooting pain through my body.

At first I had suspected I was having kits, but Jayfeather had confirmed otherwise. (Millie doesn't know, she would've freaked)I never told him, but I secretly had feelings for him. I had hoped the kits would be his, and him breaking the news to me had sent unwanted disappointment into me.

I have no clue why I developed love towards him. He's a big, blind, adorable jerk. He does have a soft side though, and he only shows it to me.

He came rushing into the dark den, his mouth filled with green mush that must have once been herbs. Normally I would be able to name them off, but the pains distract me from everything- Dreams, love, hate or whatever was on my mind before. Even Jayfeather.

"Fox dung," he muttered, spitting the gunk out of his mouth as he examined me, "Looks pretty bad,"

I wince again as another shoots through me. I will be strong. I survived a dang TREE falling on me, I won't succumb to whatever this mouse dung is.

A tear slips down my cheek as the pains continue. I look up at Jayfeather, now just a grey blur. But through the little I can see, his expression seems to be worried.

That's when it happens. My vision begins blurring more, and not because of tears.

"BRIARLIGHT!!!" I hear the grey tabby screech, but it sounds distant, as if he's yelling over the wind. It's when he begins to fade I know I'm dying.

"Jayfeather..." I whisper against the pain before it all goes dark, and I know I never got to tell him.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Ivypool's POV

"Dovey, hurry up!" I laughed, bounding through the forest. It was a crisp leaf-fall day, perfect for a run through the trees.

"Ivy, slow down!" My sister wheezed, rushing around an oak, her grey pelt a blur. I came to a screeching stop and turned to Dovewing, who was now at my side.

"Are you too fat for this," I giggled, poking her side. I earned a glare from her, and my sister's 'mad' face made me bust out in laughter. Dovewing was expecting kits in a moon, her belly already enormous. She and Bumblestripe had broken up 5 moons ago, but I still suspect the kits are his, no matter how much my sister argues.

"I am NOT!!!" The grey she-cat mock growled, pawing harmlessly at me.

"Ok then, race you to the boarder!" I exclaimed, then took off, leaving her in the dust. I loved the forest, the wind whipping through my fur, the trees shadowing the harsh sun, everything silent besides the pounding of my paws.

After another sprint, I reached the ShadowClan boarder, panting from the effort. I'm careful not to cross over- those dung faces are picky about that. 'Oh no! Your paw went a whisker length over the boarder! We declare war!' They are so OVERDRAMATIC.

I hear a crunch and look over my shoulder, expecting my sister. At first the figure that appears out of the bushes seems to be her, but then I realize that the cat is WAY too big for her.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"Bumblestripe?" I gasp as I recognize the tabby tom. He grins and slowly pads towards me, a smirk on his face.

Something's wrong. Each step he takes steals my breath away, sending fear through my bones. The once pleasing silence now seems cold and dead- like the Dark Forest.

A sudden knock to my side startles me out of my thoughts, and my eyes shoot up to meet his Amber ones. He growls and hits me again, this time bringing me down on the ground.

"What the fox dung?!?" I screech as he places his paw on my chest. Is he- NO. Does he want to mate with me?

He gives me another evil smirk, obviously pleased at my reaction. "Hold still Ivy," he hisses, spitting out my name as if it's death berries, "I'll make it fast,"

He then raises a claw above my neck, and I realize his intentions. If I don't move now, I'm fresh kill. I spin out of his grasp, causing him to do a face plant into the ground.

Ivypool-1 Bumblestripe-0

As he begins to arise, I spring into the air, my claws out. I'm not going easy on him. He looks up just in time for my bad boys to get his face.

"YEOW!!!" He snarls, blood now dripping down his face. I smirk darkly as he swears a bit more. He can't fight well, or at least not against me.

"FATZO!!!" I laugh as he gives me death glares. What can I say? It's true! The grey tabby murmurs something inaudible before looking back up at me.

"Dovewing killed me," he snarls, his Amber eyes full of too many emotions to describe, "Now I'll kill her,"

He suddenly jumps on me before I can make a move, his sheer weight crushing me to the dirt. I struggle, but with no success. He is a REALLY big fatzo.

An icy chill goes down my spine. I'm going to die like this. If I don't move I'll die.

He suddenly turns me over and puts a claw to my throat, a huge grin on his face. He puts his muzzle to my ear and whispers, "Any last words?"

I scream a word I thought I would never again speak. I spat it right in his face, giving me precious seconds of distraction. I twist out from under him, his claw barely grazing me.

Suddenly a dark tabby jumps on Bumblestripe, claws unsheathed and ready to scar. They tussle furiously, only flashes of brown & grey fur visible.

I know I should run, but my eyes are glued to the fight. And I also want to know one thing- is the brown tabby HIM?

The tabby rams Bumblestripe into an oak behind me, and goes slack. For a second, I think it must be him, but as soon as his Amber eyes meet mine I know I'm wrong.

"Tigerheart?" I whisper, confused. What's HE doing here?

He nods slowly. "I heard you scream while I was, uh, hunting so I came to help," he rambles his gaze almost guilty, but about what I'm unsure.

"Anyways, what was that about?" My eyes widen in surprise. I didn't expect to have to explain, but I aught to tell him.

"Revenge story," I shrug, looking away from Bumblestripe's unconscious body, "My sister didn't love him, but somebody else so he wanted to hurt her. I assume he couldn't stand killing her, so he, you know, went after me,"

Tigerheart's eyes suddenly widen. I cock my head to the side before I feel wet. I look down at my paws to see a red liquid on them. Blood. He got me.

I go slack and drop to the ground before I can make another move. I know I'll be dead before the ShadowClan cat knows what to do.

One name rolls through my mind in those last few moments.

Hawkfrost.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
I really don't need to explain Hollyleaf, SPOILER ALERT she already died.

Anyways hope you liked!

~ Lilly
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

2-Silver Sky

[image]

Ivypool's POV

I wake up, light flooding into my eyes. Am I alive? No, I can't be, I died. Bumblestripe cut my throat, I couldn't have survived that.

It takes me a second to scan the scene around me, but when I do it takes my breath away. I'm in StarClan.

"Why hello Ivypool," A sudden voice purrs, startling me out of my thoughts. I whip around to see a night black she-cat grinning towards me. I never thought I would see her face again, I wasn't even sure if either of us would make it to StarClan. But I guess we both did.

"Hollyleaf!" I exclaim, rushing over to her joyfully. She laughs at my enthusiasm before nuzzling me warmly. "You made it," I mumble into her fur.

"I guess we both did," the black she-cat chuckles, smiling down at me. I swear I'm going to burst with happiness, something I haven't done since my warrior ceremony. I guess it just isn't a thing that naturally comes to me.

I sigh and pull away from her. Her green eyes look into mine quizzically, as if asking, 'What's wrong?'

I just shake my head sadly and turn away, mainly because I can't answer that question myself. She doesn't drill me, which I'm thankful for. I'm not sure what I'd say if she did.

"But anyways," she purrs, breaking the silence, "I have something to show you,"

My eyes brighten. From her expression it must be good. "What is it?" I ask innocently, hoping my kit eyes are working. She just

laughs and paws me teasingly before turning away.

"Come on!" She shouts, gesturing with her head. She then bounds away, following some unknown trail.

I hesitate. I want to go, but I'm not sure if I should. I sigh. I'm too curious not to go. I sprint off in an attempt to find the black cat.

Either way, how bad could it be?

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Briarlight's POV~~

"Hollyleaf," I growl, glaring into her green eyes, "What in the Dark Forest am I doing here?!?"

It had been two moons since I di- I mean joined StarClan. Ever since I was a kit, I wondered what the StarClan Greystripe told me about was. Was it like the Heaven Millie spoke of, or was it different? I had also wondered if they kept their injuries, especially once I had my own.

~Flashback~

"Millie, will I be like this forever?" I asked, gesturing to my legs. It had only been a few days after I lost them, and I was dying to know. I don't regret diving under that tree for Longtail- I would do it again in a heartbeat. The only thing it cost me were my legs, and those I can live without. I survived with no deadly injuries, I am fine.

But Millie's eyes told me otherwise. Ever since I was injured, my mother had constantly been by my side, ignoring all else, literally.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Random spoof~~
Blossomfall: Millie, you need to come on dawn patrol, Firestar's orders!

Millie: -_- No.

Greystripe: Millie! Come out and eat something!

Millie: ~_~* No.

Greystripe: Please? :3

Millie: ~o~* NO!!!!!!

Jayfeather: MILLIE GET OUT OF HERE I NEED SOME SPACE!!!!!!

Millie: NUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!!! ~0~*

Jayfeather: YESH YOU WILL!!!!!!!!!!

Millie: Fine, but if my widdle kitten comes back bigger, I'm gunna have some choice words for you! *walks out*

Me & Jay: (◎_◎)

Yup, that's Millie for you.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Back to Briarlight~~

Millie's eyes filled with dread, and before I could ask she ran out of the den, sobbing. As I watched, I saw Greystripe talking to her, then him walk her away.

I want to cry. I'm never going to run, jump, climb, or do anything normal. Never again.

"Briarlight?" I heard a voice whisper. I look up into a pair of sky blue eyes, staring back into mine.

"What J-Jayfeather?" I mumbled, trying to hide the tears from my voice. That failed.

"Do you believe?" He purred into my ear, and I frowned. What the mouse dung does that mean?

'Stop being creepy' is what I wanted to say, but "Huh?" was all that came out. I felt heat creeping up on my cheeks and I ducked my head, trying to hide whatever stupid expression was on my face.

"StarClan," he whispered, "Do you believe in StarClan?"

My face went blank. Do I? I know Millie doesn't, and she's about the only one. I've never seen them, or heard them. They say seeing is
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

believing, and I honestly go with that. It's hard to believe in something you've never seen, even though everyone else does.

"I'm not sure," I answered, then turned away. I could almost feel his disappointment. I know I should, but without lying to him I can't. I expected him to say something back, but all I heard was the rustle of herbs behind my back.

We were finished.
~Present~
(How many of you forgot this was a flashback? I did!)

I suppose now my question has been answered. I do. I do believe. And my legs are restored. I would expect to be wobbly because its been a while since I last used them, but surprisingly I'm not. It feels perfectly natural, as if the talent never left me.

I look back up to the the forgotten warrior, who is now talking to Ivypool. I must've spaced out. (>_<) Oops.

I know I shouldn't interrupt them, but I have one question I've been dying to ask. "Hollyleaf?" the black she-cat whirls around ears perked curiously, "Why did I die?"

She suddenly hesitates, her green eyes wide, "Do you really want to know?"
I nod quickly, wondering why she's so skittish. Honestly, who wouldn't want to know?

"I-" she begins shakily, then pauses, "Internal bleeding," I gasp. Internal bleeding would not have come to mind when I thought of death.

"And why did I have internal bleeding?" I ask, baffled. That's not the sorta thing you just get. You have to have some sort of problem beforehand...

I know what she's going to say before she whispers, "The tree," Everything goes silent, and now it all seems dark.

I used to say that I never regretted running under the tree to save Longtail. And for the longest time I didn't. But now that I know it

killed me in the end, I almost regret it.

Almost.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
YAY CHAPTER 2 IS DONE!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ok, now let's get serious. Briarlight dived under a FRIEKING TREE. Odds are she would crush more than her back legs. Something else would have gotten hit. So that's why she died.

Anyways, on a happier topic, there will be more Ivypool & Hollyleaf in the upcoming chapters!

~Lilly
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

3-Wide Awake

[image]

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Hollyleaf's POV~~
I hope they're ready, because I know I am. I have been for moons. Both their faces show excitement, as I'm sure mine does to.

I take a deep breath and speak, slowly at first, but steadily speeding up. The confusion that was once on their faces quickly turns to amazement. I was surprised when I was able to cut the deal for not just me, but Briarlight & Ivypool as well. I guess StarClan realized that we needed this.

I sigh with relief and ask them one last question, "Are you ready?" As expected, they both nod quickly, jittery with energy.

"Ok then," I laugh with anticipation, "But it might hurt a bit," Their eyes go wide for a moment, but I know they'll get over it. They've had it worse.

I walk towards a pool sitting a few tail lengths away from us and sit down, the others soon joining me. Under the water sits a holly leaf, some ivy and a briar thorn. I would've put a briar light in there, but I was pretty sure that didn't exist.

I take a drink of the water, the cool wetness sliding down my throat. The two she-cats frown, but lap up some of the liquid as well. I smile as they begin to fade, as I feel myself as well.

It's as if I'm dying all over again, but without most of the pain.

My soul floating away from me.

The world darkening, darkening until it's gone.
~~~~~~
Sorry for the super short chapter, but it was necessary. I'll try and update more, and any ideas from you guys would help! Thanks!

~Lilly

4-Kiss of Darkness

[image]

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Ivypool's POV~~~~

I woke up in a dark, misty place with one thing going through my head- *I remember.* It's endlessly drumming there, repeating and repeating until I go crazy. *I remember what Bumblestripe did. He will pay.*

I feel my claws scraping the slimy ground in frustration. *Why the StarClan am I in this dump?*

A voice suddenly cuts through the dark & silence, scaring me out of my fur. Not just because it was sudden. Because it's deep, dark and behind me. And it says, "Hello *Ivypaw*, ready for training?"

I'm glad he can't see the expression on my face, because it must be awful. I breathe deeply, trying to control the pure terror coursing through my veins. I know I need a plan. Hollyleaf said if I was able to gain his trust, I could hack the whole system. An evil smirk creeps on my face as I devise it.

"Hello *Hawkfrost,* I am going to do it today," I purr. *I'm also going to be exactly what you want me to be, cold, dark and in totally in love until you fall for Ivypaw, and then you will be killed by the thing you most love.*
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

I pad alongside the dark tom as close as I can without annoying him, answering each and every question enthusiastically. But the only thing going through my mind is *I will kill you I will kill you.* I don't care about him and I won't ever love him. Never.

"Ivypaw, what's your favorite thing to do?" He meows, catching me off guard. All his questions have been pretty basic with me answering vaguely until now. I thought he would pretty much ignore everything deep about me, just try to pull out the evil. I

know what I *should* say, but I hate to lie, even to Hawkfrost.

I lie anyways. "Oh," I giggle lightheartedly, hoping it covers any other expression, "I enjoy battles and blood on my claws, it must be my favorite!" His eyes widen noticeably as expected, but I pretend to ignore it. *Pretend.* I think I'm going to be doing a lot of that. *Pretending* to be Ivypaw. *Pretending* to love the dark tom. *Pretending* to be evil. *Pretending* at life.

"I wish *you* were my mentor!" I burst out, earning curiosity from the brown tom. *Wait, who was my mentor? Mouse dung, I'll try to ignore that.* "I mean, uh, you're so much stronger and attractive than, uh, Berrynose!" I stutter, trying to pick a random ThunderClan cat.

"*What* are you talking about?" He growls, stopping abruptly so I almost run into him. *Oh geez, does* ***he*** *know who my mentor was? -_- Probably.*

"Your mentor is *Cinderheart*!" He growled, and my face fell. *Mouse dung.*

"Uh, sorry!" I laugh, forcing a blush to my face, " This air must be messing with my head!" I'm praying that he believes it, and a tip of his head confirms he bought it.

"Are you sure it wasn't me?" He grins, a dazzling smile I didn't know existed. It seems to lighten the thick air around me, around *us.* Moments ago, I still thought of him as a heartless beast, no better than the rats that scurry around here. But what if *I* was wrong?

"Not funny?" He purrs, my head jerking up. My eyes widen. *I hope I didn't offend him...*
That would end in certain death. But as I take in his tone of voice, and I realize, to my relief, he was joking.

"No, no!..." I begin, but trail off. What to tell him? Obviously not the truth. "I just kinda was thinking..."

I shake my head as I feel a blush creep up on my face. He only coughs and walks on, leaving me confused, with a fluttery feeling in my chest.

Stop! I mentally scream at Hawkfrost, anger built up inside of me, *Stop confusing me! Just be your evil self so I can kill you! I want no regrets, so let me leave this place with your blood on my claws and nothing touching this slimy ground that I ever loved. Just STOP!!!!*

And with that I wake up.

5-Ashes in the Wind

[image]

Hollyleaf's POV

Real dirt. Brown and dusty under my feet, so alive, so fresh, so...*real.* I never expected to be quite so excited about dirt, but I guess there's a first for everything. And after all the time I spent in StarClan...

I gave a little leap, testing I guess partially to make sure I was solid, and also to clear the sadness from my mind. Sure enough, I didn't vanish which I think is a good thing. Little dust swirls puffed up from where I landed, giving my heart little skips.

I looked up from the ground and saw a view I had long forgotten, and almost wished to.

I was standing on the shore of the lake, overlooking the glassy water as the sky turned it golden. Everything the same as I remember it. And yes, despite my terrible memory, this was the one stupid thing it managed to remember perfectly.

The damp, grainy sand under my paws as I stalked up to him. The slight breeze that buffered my Ebony fur. The afternoon sun illuminating his stark grey form, a beacon of darkness in the orange light.

The choice I had made only moments earlier, one that would taint my life red forever.

Then the scarlet I was never able to erase.

Every detail was the same, *every single one*. Even Ashfur.
~~~~~~
Lol XD that was so short but I'm working on the next one!
~~~~~~

6- Fallen Feathers

[image]

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Briarlight's POV~~

"Briarpaw, wake up!!!" *Darkness... Out of darkness comes paws??? Two large dappled paws.*

I hear a groan as light floods in my eyes, it's probably from me. "OHMISTARCLAN GET UP BRIARPAW ARE YOU LIKE DEAD?!?!?!" *Blossomfall... but she sounds different, like younger...*

"Maybe," I whisper in response to her. Well, I speak the truth. Hollyleaf's words come back to me, clear as before.

I know you must both be confused, but let me put you at ease... I have bargained with StarClan so that the three of us get a second chance at life. You will begin as apprentices, no reason for you to be kits, and you have to stop darkness in whatever way you can. I will not be with you, for I will have already gone to the caves. Ashfur was meant to die that day. Please, do anything you can to lead us to paradise. Even if it kills you.

And on that happy note it all began to fade, as if I was just going to sleep. It was so calm and soothing I wanted to give in, but I fought it. I was afraid I would fade out of existence, but eventually I gave in.

My eyes slowly peel open, the light angrily rejecting them. I forced them, and a world of brightness flooded in. The greens of the ivy clinging onto the walls, the white-yellow rays of sun falling into my eyes, it all felt so... real.

In StarClan, I used to think everything was brighter, more colorful, well, just *more*. But it doesn't beat the real world in any way. The
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cascade of shapes, light & colors flowing into my eyes, nothing could.

I tilted my head over as Blossomfall's paw steps retreated, presumably out of the den. I didn't want to get up, my limbs still thought I was dead.

I flopped over, before noticing the strangest thing. My legs. They were *normal.* Not like my normal, with my legs limply trailing behind me. They were like any other cat's.

I gingerly tested one before the other, finding that both were sturdy and strong. My eyes grew in apprehension. I knew what was happening. I was young again. Longtail was still alive.

It was the day the tree fell.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Hollyleaf's POV~~~

I stared at him for a while. It felt so unreal, all of it. His rippling grey pelt, his nervous paws. His bright blue eyes...

I shook my head angrily. I did *not* like Ashfur. He was my enemy. He tried to ruin my life, and I killed him. Or should've. But looking at him now, I thought back to what I had earned from that.

Respect? Nope, everyone hated me. A secret? I let that one out. My home? I lived in a hole after that, I'm pretty sure not.

It was for pride, and it had cost me everything.

I retracted my claws. I wasn't going to kill him. I *couldn't.* So I did what I had to. I walked up to him.

My paws were shaking uncontrollably as I covered what should've been a short distance between me and Ashfur. Instead it felt like the longest stretch ever.

Once I finally reached the grey tom, he whipped around violently before growling, "What the Dark Forest- Oh, Hollyleaf," his face softened unexpectedly before he continued, "Sit down,"
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

My eyes widened in surprise. *He doesn't know.* Maybe I hadn't been the only thing refreshed here. I rested myself on the sandy beach, ignoring my discomfort.

"Can I trust you Hollyleaf?" He whispered, staring out into the sunset.

"I think so," I whispered laughing. *It's not going to happen again Ashfur, I promise.*

"Well then," he purred, a deep comforting rumble, "I need some help, there's something I've been hiding for a long time..."

My paws kneaded in the soft sand. My face grew hot with embarrassment. He *liked* me? I certainly didn't like him, well, maybe a little....

"You can't tell anyone," he meowed turning my way, his blue eyes wide with worry. "Because it would ruin me,"

"I-I won't," I whispered, trying to keep my nerves in check. *Just say it, just say it....*

"Ashfur!" A voice howled from the woods, "Night patrol wants you!"

The grey tom muttered a curse before answering, "Coming Dustpelt!"

He turned towards me and whispered, "Meet me here tonight, I'll tell you then," and with that he bounded into the forest, leaving me bewildered in the last rays of dusk.

7- Secret Night

[image]

~~~~~~~~~~~~Ivypool's POV~~~

"Harder Ivypaw, HARDER!!!!!!"

I stared down my new mortal enemy, Mr. Stick, courtesy of Hawkfrost. He was ridden with battle scars and bark was shredding off him, but he still stood tall and strong.

You suck Mr. Stick.

I gave him a few more nicks to remember me by before chunking him into the marsh, where he slowly sunk into the murky water. I grinned, imagining it was Brokenstar or some other cat here.

Brokenstar, Tigerstar, Mapleshade, Breezepelt... But not Hawkfrost. All I could imagine with the dark tabby in front of me was him dying, and the blood on my paws. I shook the thought away.

"Hey, that's not fair!" Hawkfrost shouted from behind me, "You were supposed to shred him not drown him!"

"Well, at least he died!" I grinned back, and forced a laugh out of my jaws. This was wrong, so wrong...

He waltzed over to me and slid his tail along my back. I had to bite my tongue to hold back a few colorful words. "I guess it does count," he laughed, "Lessons over, but come with me,"

I froze. Frantic thoughts ran through my head, '*Great StarClan I'm dead, someone please help me, I've been figured out!'*

But his posture, the way he was laughing... He was (hopefully) showing me something that wouldn't kill me. So as he began to walk away, I ran after him and got swallowed up in the woods.

~~~~~~~~~~~~Briarlight's POV~~~

The Stars were still twinkling, apparently Blossomfa- paw had woken me up for night patrol, all the light had been the last afternoon rays shining through the clouds, and I had mistaken it for dawn.

So now here I was, sitting in the rain, on guard duty.

Yay!

I sat there in silence, all that greeted me was the quiet pitter-patter of cold rain, but it gave me time to think. I really should be thinking about something logical, like what I was going to do with my second chance. But no, my mind was on a certain medicine cat. His careful foggy blue eyes, like the mist over the lake at sunrise.

"Briarlight!" A voice suddenly called out of the camp, "I'm taking over for you!" I whipped my head around to see Ivypool's mother, Whitewing, trotting out of the warrior's den, grinning, "You look like you need some sleep anyways!"

I nodded, trying to look as tired as possible to get out of this mouse-dung job. As soon as the white she-cat plopped down I meowed, "I'm going for a walk."

She looked at me quizzically, before asking, "I thought you were tired?"

I shook my head and realized that I slipped up. *Mouse-dung.* "Um, I just, you know, need to think..?" I stuttered, the right words not coming.

She nodded, though her eyes were worried. "Then go, but be careful..." She trailed off, then whispered in a way that sent chills down my back. "*Something's not right."*

I rushed out of the camp, mud slick under my paws, threatening to slide out from under me. But I shook my head and continued on, fear making my feet fly faster. It wasn't just Whitewing's tone of voice that scared me.

It was the fact that *I* felt something was wrong, too.

But what?

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Ivypool's POV~~~

I woke up with a start, my heart leaping out of my chest. My mind was racing with battle moves, and it felt invisible claws were at my throat.

As my eyes adjusted, a ray of morning sunlight hit me, causing my pelt to turn blood red. *Blood.* I shook off the thought, along with the fear that came with the word.

It took me a second to realize that blood wasn't what had my heart racing. Something else was wrong. The sleeping bodies around me were warm and comforting, but the feeling didn't leave. It wasn't until an audible *crack!* came from outside I knew what the danger was.

Last time this happened, two cats went in, one went out.

But I had a feeling this time it would be more than one that would never be seen again.

For those of you who commented in the last chapter, your characters should appear in the next chapter. Also, first person who guesses the 'problem' in this chapter will have an OC become almost a main character!

Happy guessing ~LBB
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Character Contest!

[image]

Hey reader peeps!

I need a few rogues & kitty pets for the story, so I thought it would be cool to ask you guys for OC's. If you give me an OC, you will receive FULL CREDIT CUZ I DONT COPYRIGHT

First 7 people get into the story

Also, the next chapter will be coming out *verrrrrryyyyyy* soon

Like VERY SOON

8~ Skyfall

[image]

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Hollyleaf's POV~~~~

I approached the sandy beach just as the stars began to fall from the sky. I sat there, the wind buffeting my Ebony fur and one by one they appeared, twinkling down on me.

Who's watching me? My mind wandered, as I began to name off cats of my past, when I came to a name I stumbled over. *Fallen Leaves.*

I felt ashamed I had almost forgotten him, after all he had done for me. *But he's not here, not in this life.* The thought made me bite back sadness, and I was relieved when the bushes behind me suddenly crackled.

"Ashfur!" I grinned, twisting around excitedly, all thoughts of Fallen Leaves gone. I realized deep down how much I had missed him today, since he'd been out on patrols all morning, but I squashed it. I was here to make things right, not get a mate.

A pale grey paw reached out of the bushes, before revealing a silvery shadowed cat. It's frosty green eyes glinted menacingly in the moonlight, and its claws were out.

It was not Ashfur.

"Who in the name of StarClan are you?" I hissed, my black fur spiking up along my spine. The cat just gave a light chuckle, and I could place her as a she-cat.

"Luna," she replied, licking her front paw. "Come with me."

A little vague, I thought, considering my options. One was to run away, but I had done way too much of that in my past life, and I was done with that. Calling for help probably wouldn't get me anywhere, so all that was left was to fight.
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"What if I don't?" I spat, and she stared at me in disgust that was quickly replaced with mock. The gave a hefty laugh before settling back down on the edge of the beach.

"Then watch out." She grinned, and flicked her tail twice. That was the last thing I heard before it all went black.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Briarlight's POV~~~

My paws slipped on the everlasting mud as I ran to camp. I knew what was coming, and I had to stop it. My feet threatened to give out from under me, but I kept pounding toward the camp.

As soon as I saw the familiar bramble outlining, I began to howl, "GET OUT OF THE CAMP!" I wasn't going to let anyone, including myself get hurt this time around. Cats ears flicked up as I barreled into the camp, wet, muddy and fur plastered to me. But I didn't care. The entire camp was in danger if I stayed quiet.

"What's wrong, Briarlight?" Asked Jayfeather, who was stumbling out of the medicine den, his normal careful steps wild on the wet ground.

"The tree, it's going to-" I began but cut off as a sharp *crack!* Sounded from above the camp. The old oak was leaning dangerously off the cliff, like a cat to the riverbank.

And then, it fell.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Hollyleaf's POV~~~

A bright morning sun was in the sky when I finally came around. Everything was fuzzy, but I could see I was in a damp cave of some sort, on a moss bed. Drops of water fell somewhere around me, breaking the deadly silence.

Then, as my vision began to clear, I heard two faint voices heading towards me. As they began to near I could make out their conversation, and it seemed to be quite heated.

"Uh, so what exactly are we supposed to do?" Asked a deep voice. His steps were loud, and echoed off the stone floors.

"Furball!" Scoffed the other, a she-cat, "We're supposed to question her, remember? Fallen spirit said-"

"Yeah," interrupted the first voice, before yowling, "Oh, go see the prisoner! You need to figure out how to make her like us, tehehe!" He then coughed roughly before continuing on.

The she-cat snickered lightly, and then whispered, "Do you really think this cat is everything we hoped?"

The tom let out an audible sigh. "I don't know, Harpy. But if she's not..." He trailed off, his voice choked.

"If not, the what?" The other one urged, their paw steps slowing as they neared the cave.

"We're all going to die."

Sorry this is sooooo short, but I hope you guys liked it! The next one is going to be interesting....

Character Winners!

[image]

Here are all the characters that made it into my book!

I tried to give each character the correct appearance, but please tell me if I was wrong (XD I probably was)
So thank you to;
-MistyBlade-
Aphereo
Nightheart_WC
hollyofstars
NatBadBear1289
warriorcats103
AlexaMoore4
And...
SeasonSnow!